PART III

FISHING AT IRVINGTON

BETTY'S FIRST CATCH IN PLEASANT RUN

thereby enjoyed a new experience . .

[Written for the Journal by W. H. KAYLOR.]

How a young woman was

cured of spring fever and

which I had diagnosed as simply a case of and pickerel, but it dies quickly when im- length of those found in Indiana." "that tired feeling" few persons escape in | paled on a hook." the spring.

"Here is the making of a tonic that never | chub. fails, a 'no-cure, no-pay remedy,' as the would-be world benefactors assert in their alluring circulars and advertisements," I nows here." said to her as I laid a small package on

brother, who had a Greek text-book before | toughness. The real chub never grows | caught a few more goggle-eyes, Betty him and who was trying to render "The | large, although it belongs to the carp fam-Choice of Heracles" into English. "Per- ily. There is a chub sucker, which is haps it is a box of chocolates or bon-bons,"

she added. Jack untied the string, took the lid off the box and exposed the contents. "No candy dropped his hook in the water with here," he said, as he submitted the box to

his sister's inspection. claimed.

"Yes," I replied.

"And this is your tonic?" "Part of it, but an essential, I might

properly say the base." "My senses must be more obtuse to-day than usual, for your humor is too deep to be fathomed," and Betty looked annoyed. She had been half-reclining in an easy chair and her voice had a languid tone when I first spoke to her. In fact, she seemed to be in that stage of spring fever which some persons describe as "I don't

care a straw whether school keeps or not.' "Jack," said I, without replying to Betty, "I will need your aid in compounding this tonic. Have you a spade?" "Yes." And there was a twinkle in his

right eye as the lid of the other winked perceptibly. "And a tin can or a small pasteboard box?"

"And you know where angle worms are to be found?"

"Half that number will be sufficient," I log and wait for a bite." said, as Jack started for the garden.

Betty in the meantime had risen from

her chair and seemingly was taking more interest in life.

"Now, I will explain if you still consider yourself obtuse," I said to her. "You have not been out of the house for a week. You require a walk in the open air, and to make it enjoyable you should have something to occupy your attention-an incentive, perhaps, it would be better to say. The flowers, trees and birds which you have viewed so often are not sufficient. I propose a walk along Pleasant run and an investiga- face. tion of the deep holes formed by drift piles or bowlders. We will take fishing lines, hooks and bait with us and try to lure a few goggle-eyes, sunfish, suckers and catfish. I do not think there are any black bass in the run, and I am not sorry, because I do not believe in catching our gamest fish in the spring before the spawning season is over. For rods we can cut | sinker. and trim the slender limbs of a young

"But I never fished and don't want to learn." Betty interposed. "But the walk, novelty and excitement

will do you good," I replied.

"Excitement?" she questioned. "Plenty of it-if you are lucky enough to your line is attached to a pliant willow branch you will have as much sport as if you were trying to land a two-pound bass with a ten-ounce rod. There will be the same exhilarating thrill, the same quickening of the pulse. Try it, Betty. A new sensation is what you need. It is the fisherman's remedy for spring fever, and I have never known it to fail in effecting a complete cure."

When Jack announced the bait was ready Betty was still in doubt whether my prescription was worth trying, but Jack's enthusiasm when I asked him to accompany us became infectious, and Betty said she would go. Jack closed his Greek book and rushed upstairs to put on a heavy pair of boots. Betty fortified herself with a pair of rubbers over her thick-soled shoes, and announced she was ready for the trip.

"Walt a moment," she said, as we left the house. She came back soon with a handful of crackers.

"Lunch?" I queried.

crumbs."

"For the minnows," and she smiled archly. "I like to watch the little fish dart after

The day was beautiful. Old Sol, after rays through the mist and rain clouds coming apparent. which had enveloped Irvington intermittently for a month or more, and was quickening the growth of all vegetable life. The | schoolhood memory?" I asked. birds, too, seemed to welcome the change, for Betty said she imagined there was a more joyous ring to their notes. Lilac blossoms were scenting the air, having tardily burst into bloom, and the flowering almonds had dressed themselves in their dainty, pinkish white, but perfumeless robes. The japonica bushes, apple, peach and pear trees were littering the ground with the petals of an abundant display of flowers, and the Carolina poplars that line Irvington sidewalks had developed from the gummy stage into leaves that shone as if varnished. The bluegrass on the commons had grown an inch or more, with tufts here and there shooting far above their fellow-blades. Betty's robin friends were running about searching for earthworms with a persist-

At the bridge two small girls and a nurse had forestalled Betty in feeding the minnows. The little ones each had a paper bag full of bread crumbs and were throwing handfuls of food to the fishes. Betty went to the other side of the bridge and crumbled her crackers into the water. Shiners and chubs shot to the surface in a twinkling, and once an eight-inch catfish poked its nose upward. A small early turtle, disturbed by the school of minnows darting about, dived into deeper water, displaying its red markings as it disappeared. A small frog, which Jack said would make good bait, leaped into the cover of grasses at the edge of the run, and water spiders or mites were skating on the surface of the water with an agility any polo player might

ence that indicated there were nestlings to

feed, and an oriole was busy weaving its

pouchlike summer home.

"Here goes for the catfish," and Jack dropped a baited hook into the water. "See how the line is moving across the run," said Betty, who seemed interested in

Jack's effort. "A bite!" and Jack jerked the line bridge-

"It is a shiner." I said as Jack landed his

"Pretty enough for the aquarium." Betty

remarked as the sunshine caught its silvery

shiner, but the name is frequently applied to the menhaden, the moon fish, the doller fish and the horse fish. The shiner "and few are more common. There are

Betty had been complaining of lassitude, | makes an alluring balt for black bass, pike Jack tried again and caught a three-inch

> "Better let the catfish alone," I suggested. "There are too many greedy min-

In response to Betty's query I told her the chub was regarded as the best min-"Open it, Jack," Betty told her young now for bait because of its liveliness and East it is called the creek fish.

"Now I will get it," said Jack, as he splash. He had fastened a piece of lead to the line in order that the bait might sink "Fishing lines and hooks!" Betty ex- to the bottom before the minnows could get it. Most of the catfishes, the channel being a notable exception, are ground feed-

> Jack waited five minutes without indication of a bite. Then he started to draw up the hook, thinking the balt had dropped off. When the slack of the line had been taken up there was a pull and a few sharp jerks. "I have it this time, sure," and Jack drew

his fish toward the bridge. It was the catfish, and it had swallowed the hook, as catfishes are wont to do. Jack tried to pull out the hook, but gave up the task after the horn of the fish had lacerated his hand. Then he cut the line and

was fond of fried catfish. We left the bridge and walked along the bank on the north side of the run until we came to a deep hole where the roots of a sycamore tree and driftwood had formed a typical hiding place for redeyes and sun-

"Betty," I said, "here is where you will have some sport. I will arrange a line for you, bait the hook, and you can sit on this feelings when she felt the fish tugging, her

I cut a willow branch about six feet long, trimmed it, fastened the line to the end of the hurriedly made rod, baited the hook with an enticing mass of squirming worms and handed the outfit to Betty.

"Drop the hook close to the roots," directed, "and if a fish takes the bait, don't let it run into the driftpile."

"Pull it toward me?" "Yes, and do it quickly."

The line had barely straightened out in the water when Betty felt a tug, and the tip of the willow rod bent under the sur-

"Draw the fish away from the roots," ! almost shouted.

It was too late, however. The fish, with all the cunning common to fishes in little streams, where the small boy has taught them to be wary, wound the line around a root that was tougher than I was strong. I finally broke the line just below the

"Will the fish die with the hook in its mouth?" asked Betty, with concern.

"It is probably free of the root now and may bite again if it is not badly injured. I have caught fish with old rusty hooks in their mouths and I have known them to snap greedily at bait a second time immediately after being hooked-that is, after hook a half-pound goggle-eye or sunfish. If | they had been pulled partly out of the water, but managed to escape."

Jack had been busy at another pile of driftwood a dozen yards away, and he held up a sunfish and two goggle-eyes, or redeyes, as they are commonly called.

willow rod to Betty, again cautioning her | ing ground gates.

to beware the roots. The bait had barely disappeared in the water when the line swished out to its full | shoulders of men. In the sixties, in our litlength. Betty was watching it, and I could the home town, a strange sight was seen. see she was becoming excited as she felt | An old, old man had died, and had left a the fish tugging. She quickly flirted the request that he be carried to his resting

rod shoreward. Betty is not in the habit of using words of | in the month of January and bitter weather

and Betty pointed to the branch of a tree

In her eagerness to land the fish she had literally jerked the hook out of its mouth, but I did not tell her so, fearing to dampen impressive and solemn affair, but those six weeks of strenuous effort, had forced his the fisherman's enthusiasm which was be- men in white gowns-great white giants

again.' Is that not a leaf from early tressing sight never forgotten by those

"Yes, and I think there is an old saw which says something about the third time for luck." Betty replied. "I will try

I put fresh bait on the hook and Betty made another cast. She was on her guard this time, and when the line became taut and she felt a tug she followed my more explicit directions and merely put enough pressure on the line to fasten the hook in

"Now you can draw it out," I said, when I saw the fish was fast and was making a | who takes his children seriously, "and

The willow rod bent double, but Betty gave the fish no slack line and she soon had the redeye, for such it proved to be, on the bank flopping and quivering beside her. Betty was excited, for she dropped the rod to examine her catch. It weighed about ten or twelve ounces, and was as large as any I had ever seen caught in Pleasant run. I picked it up and found two hooks in its mouth. It was the same fish Betty had hooked on her first effort.

"See this book and short piece of line, Betty? You should preserve it as a memento of your first fish."

"I can do better than that," she replied. "I will have it mounted with both hooks in

"And label it 'Betty's first fish.' " "No. I'll parody an old maxim something like this: 'That which is caught and gets away may live to be caught another

"You might say 'another minute,' if you don't care for rhyme," I suggested, "for it is not yet ten minutes since you first wet your line."

Betty wanted to try it again and I rebaited her hook. In less than a minute she drew out a small sunfish. "A pumpkin seed!" shouted Jack, who had

been watching his sister's evolution into a "You are jealous, Jack," she said. "Don't

belittle my catch with such a name." "That's what it is," he persisted. "I never

heard a little sunfish called anything else.' "I admit there is a slight resemblance to a pumpkin seed, but it is very pretty," "Easily killed," I explained. "Its scales and Betty stooped to examine it. "It seems are fastened loosely. The golden shiner is to have nearly all the colors of the rainoften placed in aquariums, but they do not bow-orange, yellow, green, scarlet, olive, live long. The silvery shiner is the true blue and three or four undeterminable

"No fish is more prettily marked," I said,

many species, and they are found in almost every stream, pond and lake in North America. In some States they are known as bream, in others as pondfish and in still others as plain 'sunny.' All have the same characteristics-body short and broad, with strong dorsal spines that will tear the hand when the fisherman is careless. The mouth is always small and the ear, as the opercular flap that protects the gills is called, is generally tipped with red or orange. Sometimes sunfish grow to be ten or twelve inches long and weigh from ten ounces to a place, for they knew that Uncle Frank was pound, but six or seven inches is the usual

baited my own hook and caught a six- up to the fire and the children in a halfinch goggle-eye, then pulled out a sunfish and a few minutes later another goggleeye. Betty tried again and dragged a small catfish from its bed of mud. I killed the fish and cut the line rather than pull out | began: the hook. Then the fish refused to bite we moved to another hole, where we landing a large one, which Jack said was the king of the run. Betty's cheeks were very plentiful in some streams. In the flushed, her listlessness had disappeared, through the air. and I felt certain the fisherman's spring fever tonic had not failed to effect a cure. "How many, Jack?" I asked, as he laid the two strings of fish on the grass.

"Fourteen here, and we threw back four or five pumpkin seeds that were too small." Jack borrowed a small basket from a house near by, lined it with long grass and laid the fish in it. "Now we are ready to return," he said, as his work was com-

"Yes, let us go back to the house," said Betty. "I am as hungry as the proverbial bear, and I feel as if I could eat a whole beefsteak. Jack, I'll race you to the next | ing deeply, said: fence."

Jack smiled at his sister's suggestion and repeated the formula of the prescription he had assisted in compounding. "A fishing line, a few hooks, a canful of worms, plenty clear water, a few drift piles and a pleasgave his catch to a small boy who said he ant day," said Jack, "will work wonders with man, woman, boy or girl. I am hungry, too."

"Don't omit the walk from the prescription, Jack," reminded Betty.

"Nor the excitement," I added. "Nor the novelty, the thrill, or sensation, for I confess the catching of my first fish was a new experience and a pleasurable one," and Betty continued to describe her anxiety lest it break the rod or line and get away, and the exultation that seemed to | toilsome journey. possess her when the fish was on the bank.

She was interrupted by a shout from Jack, who suddenly disappeared down the bank, which was about twenty feet high | do you not think we had better be going? where he had been standing. The spring rains had undermined the sod, and when Jack stepped too near the edge he sank. The water was not deep, but Jack had sprawled in it and he was a sorry figure. "A fisherman's luck," he said, as he scrambled up the bank with dripping at night. Many there are who bow and

bution," and Betty made him wring his coat, take the fish and run home for dry clothes, while we followed leisurely.

BURIALS IN OLD DAYS.

"In everything that pertains to life nowadays, even in the matter of death, which is the end of life, convenience and elegance are studied," remarked a citizen standing on a street corner, watching a funeral procession. "When I was a boy, sixty odd years ago, as far back as 1838, anyway, hearses had not been heard of. In the little town where I lived a curious old-fashioned wooden contrivance with four handles, two at each side, and four legs to rest it on. was used to bear a coffin through the streets to the burying ground. No one said cemetery in those days. Eight bearers were generally appointed to the solemn honor of carrying the bier, and they relieved each other, the four who were resting walking with dignity beside the four "That probably was a large redeye, Bet- who were bearing the body. This little ty, which stole your hook. We will try wooden frame, also called a 'barrow,' I believe, was kept in a little wooden shed I tied on another hook and handed the like a woodshed just inside of the bury-

"Longer ago than the use of the bier. coffins were borne to the grave on the place in this old fashion, on the shoulders "Pshaw!" she exclaimed, and I knew of his friends, also he requested that they something unexpected had happened, for wear white frocks, or cassocks. It was doubtful origin or which have a slangy at that, with deep snow on the ground. The white cassocks were made for the men; "The fish broke loose. There is my hook," but to wear them just over their coats was out of the question, the weather was too severe. So they had to be put on over the overcoats of the pallbearers. Well, nobody even smiled, for the funeral was a most they looked-struggling over the snow with "'If at first you don't succeed, try, try that coffin on their shoulders was a dislieve, funerals sometimes occured at night. and a man much appreciated the honor of being asked to 'hold a light at the burial of a dead friend,"

LEGAL REDRESS AT HAND.

Inklings of law creep into children's minds in curious ways and emerge again in most

unexpected fashion.

"I am old-fashioned enough to believe in corporal punishment," remarked a father when my two little boys get wound up to a certain pitch of bad behavior I find that a brisk little switching generally clears the air and sets them back into lines of obedient conduct. The other day I had occasion to administer such chastisement to the two urchins-aged six and eight-for fighting. After the punishment they were whimpering a little on the sitting-room couch, and I was reading my newspaper in the front par-

"'Joey,' asked Jack, the elder boy, 'did he

"'I don't know; I guess so,' answered Joey, still sniffling. "''Cause 'f he did,' continued Jack, 'we kin have him arrested."

Words and Thoughts.

He said, as he sat in her theater box. Between the acts, "What beastly weather! How like a parrot the lover talks! The lady is tame, and the villain stalks-I hope they die together.'

He thought, "You are as fair as the dawn's first And I know the angels keep watch above you; And so I chatter of weather or play. While all the time I am mad to say. 'I love you, love you, love you!'

He said, "The season is almost run; How glad we are when the whirl is ended! For the toll of pleasure is more than its fun. But the rocket that has ascended?"

He thought, "O God, to be off somewhere With you, afar from this world of fashion, To know you were mine—and to have you care, And to lose myself in the crimson snare Of your lips, in a kiss of passion!"

He said, "You are going abroad, no doubt, The land of liberty coldly scorning. I, too, shall journey a bit about, From Wall street up by the L road, out To Harlem, and down, each morning!"

This pent-up, passionate, dumb devotion, Till the cry of a rapture that may not be

The Wiles of the Fox

The cat this time goes in search of Reynard, with orders to bring him before the King, but, like his predecessors, is baffied. New version of old tale told by Prof. Louis C. Ward, of Indiana State University.

cousins assembled early about the old firemakes the noise here. Good-bye.' to tell another tale of the adventures of the and smiled. Then he sat down, ran his

it would be successful, and so he hoped for a good omen. Scarcely had he gone half a the priest came, too, with his cane. But mile when he saw a gold finch flying

"'Good finch,' he cried, 'sit at my right, for then I know that I shall be lucky.' "But the bird flew to a tree on the left,

and began to sing. Then Tab was afraid, but he pressed bravely forward, and toward evening came to Reynard's castle. Deathtrap. There sat the sly fellow before his door reading a newspaper. At his feet played his two frolicsome boys, and his nousewifely content.

"When Tab saw the object of his message so convenietly placed to receive it. he marched straight toward him and, bow-

" 'Heaven send you and yours all good fortune! Our lord, the king, commands me to order you to come to court without fail. And he says, further, that if those who complain of your rascally tricks can prove their case, it will go hard with you.'

to greet the messenger: 'You are very welcome, nephew, and may heaven bless you according to your merit.'

"But even as he spoke Reynard was plan-

must entertain as best my house affords. forfeit to whomever wishes to kill him.'

"Tab, who was distrustful of Reynard in spite of his smooth speech, answered thus: "'I thank you for your kind offer, but The moonlight lies white upon the woods and fields, the air is cool, and the roads are firm. Let us go at once to the court.'

"'By no means,' replied Reynard, 'For often our friends in daylight are our enemies smile upon us while the sun shines, who "A venturesome boy's punishment-retri- will rob and murder us in the dark shadows fellow." of the woods. For myself I have little fear, for I am fleet. But my affection for you, my friend, will not allow me to put you to such risk. Stay and partake of my food: I promise that you shall be satisfied.'

> "'Very well,' said Tab, 'and what have you to offer me for my supper?' "'Oh, as to that,' replied the fox, 'we thus: have some excellent honey in the house.

"'That I never eat,' put in Tab, 'neither that nor any such stuff. If everything else is lacking give me only a mouse and I shall be content.'

Reynard. "'Yes, indeed; above everything else in the world. If only I were back in the the court.' King's pantry! I should feed excellently

there to-night.' "'For that matter,' said Reynard, 'you mice I can put you in the way of getting when he needed clever advice I was the more of them than all the cats in the kingdom could eat in a fortnight. My neighbor, the priest, has a barn which is full of enemies at the court I have feared that mice. Only last night I heard him comhis grain. And besides, I know of a neat little hole under the foundation through which we can creep, and then-

"'No more,' cried Tab; 'only show me this barn and I am your friend forever.' "'Come, then,' said the fox; 'let us go to it. Only for the favor I am about to show

"Then in a little while the two set out, side by side, toward the priest's barn. Soon they came to it and stood at the hole in the wall. Reynard himself had dug it the night before when he had stolen some of the priest's chickens. And little Martin, the priest's nephew, had lost his pet cock, for whom he wept long and loud. But he was a shrewd boy, and stopped crying after a while, thinking out a plan of revenge. And even spared his Majesty. Many accusers so, in order to catch the fox when he re- there will be against me; and the worst turned, the lad placed a slip noose over the | will be Lobo the wolf, for I have used him hole, but Reynard saw it and would not | most disgracefully. Once he came to me

you not hear the mice squeaking within? first have to learn to toll the bell. So I for. Go in and eat your fill, and when you are satisfied you will find me here waiting for you.

"'But is it quite safe?' asked Tab, who was not so certain that the black hole meant any good for him.

nard. 'Are you so timid then? Come. let us go back home and eat our supper there. there may be something that will tempt Come, it shall never be said that

Reynard let a friend go hungry Reynard's words; and so he plunged boldly into the hole. Then in an instant the noose fell over his neck and caught him in its the louder he wailed in his terror the tighter the horrid string drew about him. Then the fox laughed his wicked laugh and Reynard safely past, out again into the

are not half so proud of your wisdom now | gan. And that is another tale."

NEW UMBRELLA PLAN.

Check System Inaugurated to Provide Rain Cover When Needed. Cleveland Leader.

"Carry your umbrella in your pocket" is the advice that has met the attention of Clevelanders during the past few weeks. This means that the carying of umbrellas all day after a brief shower is about at an end. It remained for an ingenious Philadelphian to discover the remedy.

The cure is the formation of what will be known as the Umbrella Club. One of the good features, and possibly the most important in the end, is that the membership of the club will not be confined to Cleveland, but it will have branches in every city in the United States, and as the system grows it will have a membership in every country on the earth.

The principle of the system is simplicity itself. One pays a dollar at one of the agencies of the club. That dollar entitles the person to a membership for one year. In return for his dollar the investor is given a check. The check is good for one

The third evening of the vacation all the as you were vesterday. But adjeu! I must go, for Martin comes running to see what

"And so Reynard scampered away, leavfox. And so, when the young man came ing poor Tab to his fate. For Martin heard While Betty was examining the fish I into the room, he found his big chair drawn the howling of the cat, and, thinking that he had the fox in his trap, he waked the circle, some to the left, some to the right. priest and all the household. Then a queer He saw the eagerness upon the young faces | company issued from the door, armed with weapons for the destruction of Reynard. fingers through his hair once or twice, and In the darkness, indeed, none could see whom the noose had caught, and so it hap-"When Tab set out on his journey to the | pened that all fell upon Tab and beat him castle of Reynard, he was not so sure that | without mercy. Martin with his stick and the cook with her frying pan beat him, and when he struck the cat, so hard was the blow and so cruelly it hurt Tab's battered sides, that he leaped as far as the cord allowed, and that was just far enough to allow him to strike the holy man full in the

face, knocking him down. "'Oh! the vile beast!' screamed the cook. 'He has killed my master! Come, boy, let

us carry him into the house.' "So they carried the priest away. And Tab sat awhile, nursing his sore ribs and wife looked upon the three with a smile of | bemoaning the loss of an eye which the cook had blinded with her weapon. But he soon remembered where he was; and his wits came back, and he gnawed the string and started off for the court.

"Hot was the anger of the king when he saw his wise vassal come home all wounded and bloody. He had the council quickly summoned, and he laid the case before them. All had bad things to say of Reynard, and all wished his death. When, then, they had almost persuaded the king to de-"Then answered Reynard, who had risen | clare him outlawed, Whiteface, the badger and uncle of Reynard, stood forth and

"'It may be, O king, that there are many here whom Reynard has injured. But he ning new shame and disgrace upon the is nevertheless a freeman and has his king's officer. Thus, however, he went on rights. Three times he must be summoned; twice he has already been. Send now an-"'For, indeed, you are the wisest of those other messenger to him, and if he comes not who wait upon his Majesty, and as such I at the third call, then, indeed, is his life a

"The king replied: "'Who of my friends would go on this dangerous journey? Which of you would spare an eye or have his ribs battered with hard clubs? Truly justice should be done, but how can we do it?"

"Then cried the badger, 'If your majesty demands it of me, I will take the message. Somehow I shall find means to bring the fellow before you. Do you wish me to go my life among the hills has taught me that as your officer or merely as a friend of Revnard?

> "'Take your own way,' answered the king, 'only be careful, for he is a dangerous "'Some one must make the trial,' replied

> Whiteface, 'and I hope to bring him before

"And so he set out on the journey to Deathtrap. When he arrived there he found the fox sunning himself in the courtyard. To him Whiteface went and spoke

"'Greetings, my nephew. We all know you to be clever and wise, and therefore we wonder that you so despise the commands of the king. More and more complaints are lodged against you daily; every morning some creature comes with a new "'Do you like mice so well, then?' asked | tale of your cruelty. Delay will not help you, for if you come not this time you will be outlawed. Therefore let us proceed to

"Reynard answered then: "'Dear uncle, you advise me well. I know that if once I see the king and speak need have no worry. If you really care for to him he will pardon me. For always man who helped him. But kings are not constant in their favor; and with so many should be killed before I could speak with plaining how they were doing away with him. For this reason I delayed. But I shall put aside that fear. Surely the king cannot deny me justice. And so I shall take farewell of my wife and boys and then

we will set out for the court.' "Then Reynard went into the castle and kissed his two roguish sons and bade his wife keep the house in order until his re-I shall expect you to be my friend at turn. Putting some garments and jewels in his wallet he slung it over his shoulder and went out to Whiteface. Then the two marched off down the road, leaving the

wife weeping in the doorway. "When the two were walking through the woods, suddenly Reynard turned to his

companion and spoke thus: "Truly, dear uncle, I fear that evil will come to me this day. For I have played my tricks upon all the king's men, and have not get at the meathouse in the monastery. I "'Well, nephew, here is the place; do shaved his head and told him he would took him into the church and bound his hands with the bell rope, and left him ringing with might and main. Then came

the people and found him there, and beat him soundly "'Another time I led him to the smokehouse of the priest, and when he had got "'Who can say as to that?' retorted Rey- inside and had eaten so much meat that he could not get out again, I set the dogs upon him; and for that he owes me a grudge. Even if I cannot give you mice, at least | And yet another time I persuaded him to go with me to rob a henhouse. When he was know how many would constitute a safe inside I shut the door upon him, and again he was well beaten. No wonder he hates "But Tab could not bear the scorn in me! And I fear he will do me mischlef at

then the two went out of the highway past it would be "if a man should make a hog cruel grasp. The harder he struggled and the cloister, where Reynard had stolen so many hens. A great flock of chickens were feeding in the fields; but Whiteface led road. So they came at last to the court. "'Are the mice good, brave Tab? And and great was the joy among the enemies do you find plenty of them? You would of the fox when they knew that he had come after Reynard because you were the come for trial. The king summoned his wisest of the court! Ah, well. I think you | council and his judges, and the trial be-

> umbrella at any of the agencies of the club. The owner of the check can have an umbrella for an hour or for a year. If he owns a check and is caught down town by a rainstorm he can step into an agency and obtain an umbrella. He takes the umbrella and leaves the check. When the shower is over he can step into any agency at hand and deposit his umbrella and receive in return a check which will entitle him to another umbrella upon the next occasion it is needed. The plan is being conducted by a company, and their hope is to extend the system so that in every city umbrella stations will be convenient for all persons caught out in the rain. A check in the hand of a member of the club is good in any city. A person can deposit a check and get an umbrella, carry it to Chicago, and there deposit the umbrella and receive another check. "umbrella in the pocket" means the

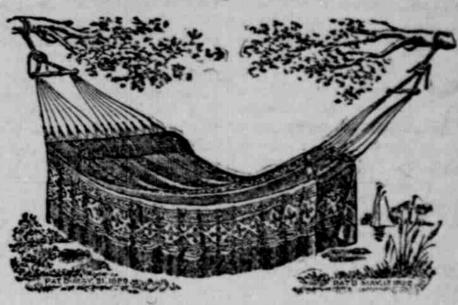
> heck which is as good as an umbrella. This system of getting rid of an umbrella after a rain not only saves the member from the worry of carrying an umbrella. but minimizes the chances of having it stolen. In addition to that the member is saved the expense of repairing broken and damaged umbrellas, as the company bears this expense. A membership expires each year and must be renewed. At the present time there are twentyone umbrella stations in Cleveland. The system has also been extended to six of the larger cities of this State and all of

the larger cities of the country

Hammocks

我是我们的"我"我们的"我"我们的"我"我们的"我"我们的"我"我们的"我"我们的"我"我们的"我"我们的"我"我们的"我"我们的"我们"我们的"我们"我们们

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in all white canvas weave with wide valance and wide pillow, full

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It is not the cheapest on

the market, but it is un-

doubtedly the best for the price. A mower that you can buy for less will most likely prove a source of annoyance and expense. A twelve-inch "Reliance" will cost you \$2.85, fourteen-inch \$3 00, sixteen-inch \$3.25. We have numerous other kinds better in quality and higher in price. Garden tools, hose, hose reels, etc., are conveniently displayed on first floor. Refrigerators and oil stoves and Majestic ranges,

second floor-take elevator.

NEW ORLEANS BEVERAGES. Effect Upon a Visiting Stranger of the Many Agreeable Mixtures.

Roswell Field, in Chicago Post. Once upon a time there was a gentle, sadeyed stranger who started out to do New Orleans bibulously. This beginning has the suggestion of one of Mr. Ade's illustrative fables, but it is an o'er true tale. The gentle stranger had begun the day with two cups of a native beverage known as dripped coffee, and he felt the need of a counter irritant; so he stepped blithely in and took unto and into himself a sazerac cocktail. Then he took another, and lo, he was organized. The sazerac cocktail bears the same relation to other cocktalls which the lion sustains to the sportive and innoo'nt lamb. Its ingredients are a mystery, sugary quality which increases the labors go in. Now, when the tricky fox had and wished to be made a monk, in order to but there is no uncertainty as to its re- of the excellent W. T. C. U. Not that there sults, and it is warranted to produce a carnival which renders lustreless the pyro-

technical display of Shrove Tuesday. Having reduced himself to a condition bordering on utter irresponsibility through the flerce recklessness aforesaid, the stranger rested for a few minutes and then applied himself to a gin fizz. The New Orleans gin fizz is a sirenlike composition and is commonly designated in the feminine gender. Relatively it is harmless, as it is enticing, and it is much sought after by ladies from the North whose distinguishing emblem is not a white ribbon. I do not sufficiency, but their delicacy and mildness would suggest the experience of the German fellow-citizen who admitted that he drank sixty or seventy glasses of beer a "So Reynard made his confession; and day without injury, but could not tell how

Confining himself to the indigenous products, the stranger next applied his energies to a mint julep. Now, like the gin fizz, the New Orleans julep is immeasurably superior to its Northern sister. As time is never very pressing in this agreeable locality, the courteous bartender devotes five or ten minutes to the proper preparation of this soothing mixture, and when he has finished he presents to the enraptured gaze omething which strongly suggests in its general make-up one of Mme. What's-Her-Name's very best Easter confections. It seems, indeed, a pity to destroy the symmetry and grace of this noble structure, but this is the stranger's busy day and is he not investigating the resources and pe-culiar charms of the sunny South? The julep joins its fellows. In the regular order of business it is now

time for the absinthe anisette, and again the stranger is called on to marvel at the possibilities of human skill and patience. In the North a person takes absinthe very much as a child takes paregoric; indeed. paregoric is preferable, though the taste is similar. But in New Orleans one begins to understand how the absinthe habit is easily acquired, and how the devil, who can take many pleasing shapes, puts himself into the pale green liquid which brings an ecstatic shutting of the eyes and a blissful moistening of the throat. Hence I was not surprised, when I asked an old inhabitant the precise absinthe hour, to have him reply:

The native will tell you that the day's experiments are not complete without a fignac, and by this time you are ready for any reasonable suggestion in the way of the first and only distinct disappointment It seems to be merely an old-fashioned whisky toddy, with about 60 per cent, of a sickening syrup. They tell me that some years ago New Orleans was graced by the ed he bequeathed to his country the bev-

erage which bears his name, and departed full of glory and veneration. Personally cannot see that he is entitled to anything

save execration, but possibly I am preju-After taking a roufignac, in addition to other troubles, it might be well to consult a reputable physician, but if you will listen to the advice of a fine old Southern gentleman to whom I once put the inquiry as to his opinion of the virtues of straight whisky, you will save a doctor's fee, 'When you have taken a little mo' on bo'd than the law allows, you will find straight whisky an excellent thing to sober up on.

So here you have it-an expert opinion from How do you feel after you have done New Orleans from the point of view of what the society editors call "a well-known stranger will tell you that you will feel as if you had swallowed three pounds of choc-New Orleans drinks is sugar, which peraps is not surprising considering the proxcities of the North. Possibly there is less. But the preparation of beverages is infinitely more seductive, and, curiously enough, the prices are more reasonable, of which is respectfully submitted to the feminine committee on alcoholic stimulants There are many good and seemingly sufficient reasons why people should drink potent liquids in this climate. It is a great resort for invalids who are commanded by their physicians as well as by the apostle to drink no longer water, etc. Then the wafor drinking purposes is mainly from the Mississippi, and I have no reason to believe that all the germs from the Chicago drainage canal are eagerly snapped up and devoured at St. Louis. Is it not probable that some of them elude Dr. Ravold and Professor Van Ornum and blithely come their joyous way to New Orleans and the gulf-unless they are diverted by a crevasse? For my part I prefer germs to crawfish, which they are popularly supposed to resemble, and I have no doubt that they are more palatable than roufignacs, but it

is not for me to dictate to the tastes o Then there is the telephone system o New Orleans, which is responsible, and justly, for resorting to the flowing bo and there are certain street car lines which invite frequent potations. There are also other features of municipal life which might be considered ungracious on the

part of a stranger, however gentle, to

Queer Things About Frogs.

specify unpleasant details.

The frog's skin is so important as breathing apparatus that the creatury would die at once of suffocation if the pores were closed by a coat of sticky varnish, by dust, or in any other way. While we are speaking of his breathing, you will notice that his sides do not heave as ours do at each breath we take. A frog has no ribs, and cannot inhale and exhale as we do, but is obliged to swallow his air in guips, and if you will watch this little tellow's throat you will see it continually moving in and out as one gulp follows another. In order to swallow, his me must be closed; just try to swallow with your mouth wide open, and you will see what I mean. A frog. then, always breathes through his nose, and if you held his mouth open he would suffocate as surely as though you gave his skin a coat of varnish. "Mr. Frog" has an enormous mouth for his size, and if we were to put a finger inside it, we would find that has a row of teeth in the upper jaw, and that his soft white tongue, unlike our own, is attached in front and is free behind. When he wishes to catch any insect, he throws out the free end of the tor then draws it in so rapidly that it is diffi acquired knowledge. But the roufignac is cult to see whether he has been successful or not. As the tongue is coated with fluid, the insect sticks to it and carried back into the mouth, which closes upon it like the door of a temb. Fr however, are not limited to one mode of presence of a gentleman of the name of Roufignac. I don't recall who he was or what he did, but it appears that when he insects, small fish, mice, small ducklings

Woman's Home Companion.